

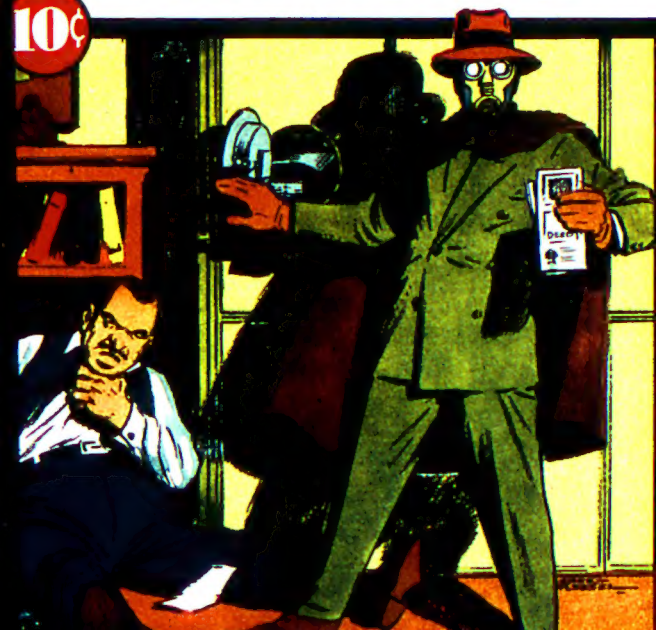
No. 44

Another thrilling episode of
THE SANDMAN
in this issue!

NOV. 1939

Adventure **COMICS**

10¢



THE SANDMAN

by LARRY DEAN

THE SANDMAN AN UNKNOWN AND MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, HARKING ON CRIMINALS - AND ALMOST AT TIMES, IT SEEMS, WITH THE POLICE, THEMSELVES, HAS MADE HIMSELF A MAN TO BE FEARED BY ALL THE UNDERWORLD.



IN THE HOME OF WESLEY DODDS, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY



ON THE BALCONY OUTSIDE HIS ROOM.



A CREAKING OF SLOWLY OPENED DOORS WARNS DODDS —



SO YOU WENT BAD - AND SUE YOUR SISTER, KILLED HERSELF WHEN THIS MAN, YOU MENTION - THE FACE - GOT HOLD OF HER. EHP. SHE DIDN'T SQUEAL ON YOU WHEN YOU WENT UP THE RIVER FOR FIVE YEARS. -AND NOW?



HOURS LATER.

BEG PARDON SIR - A POLICE OFFICER TO SEE YOU, SIR.



I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, YOUR PRANKS WILL GET YOU INTO TROUBLE, BILLY. IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER.



MY GUN - CAUGHT!
IT'S THE FACE!
WES -



I'M TELLIN' YOU WES, I'M GOING STRAIGHT - AS SOON AS I GET THE FACE! HE'S INHUMAN! NOBODY HAS EVER SEEN IM. HE'S GOT LOTS OF DISGUISES, WHY...



YOU MAY GO, FEATHERS.

THAT MAN - DIDN'T I SEE H.M. ENTER YOUR WINDOW, GIRL?



I'M AFRAID NOT, WESLEY DODDS, YOU SEE - I



DEATH COMES TO BILLY WINDSON





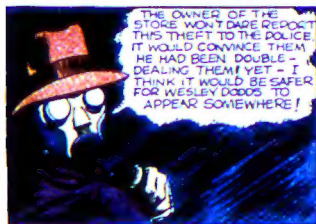




THIS WILL KEEP THE
BLAME FOR THIS IN
THE RIGHT PLACE.



I THINK THIS LITTLE
BOOK WILL REST EASIER
IN MY POSSESSION.



THE OWNER OF THE
STORE WON'T DARE REPORT
THIS THEFT TO THE POLICE.
IT WOULD CONVINCE THEM
HE HAD BEEN DOUBLE-
DEALING THEM! YET - I
THINK IT WOULD BE SAFER
FOR WESLEY DODDS TO
APPEAR SOMEWHERE!

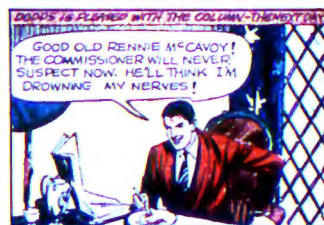


IN HALF AN HOUR IN THE DARKNESS OF THE
DESERTED STREET- DODDS REAPPEARS-



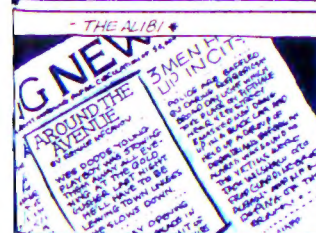
WES DODDS-DRUNK! MUST
-HAVE BEEN HITTING IT UP FOR
HOURS. WAIT 'LL HE SEES
MY COLUMN TO-MORROW.

AND LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER



DODDS IS REARED WITH THE COLUMN-THENDY DAY

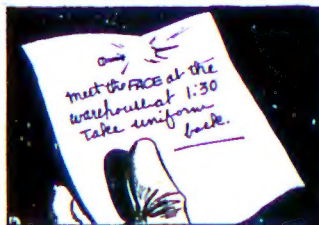
GOOD OLD RENNIE McCAYOY!
THE COMMISSIONER WILL NEVER
SUSPECT NOW. HE'LL THINK I'M
DROWNING MY NERVES!



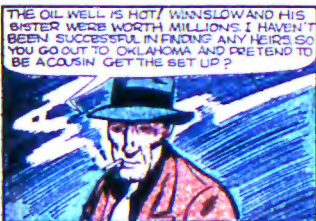
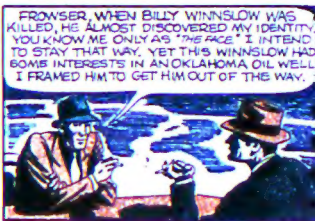
- THE ALIBI -

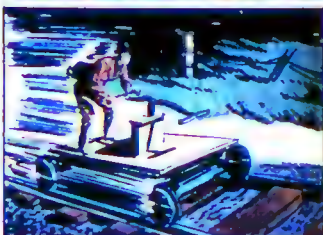
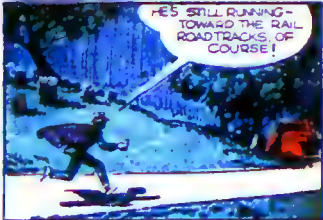


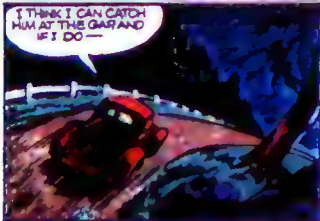
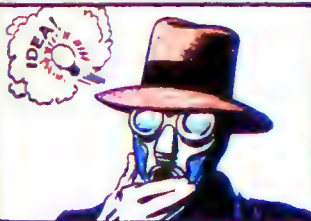
GUS OLSEN, COSTUME-
POLICE UNIFORM. I THINK
THE SANDMAN WILL VISIT
HIS ADDRESS TO-NIGHT.



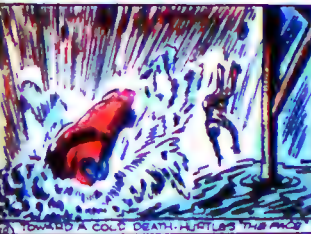
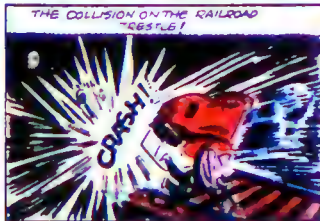
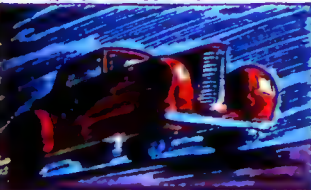








LIKE AN IMMENSE BULLET, THE SANDMAN'S CAR
ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT



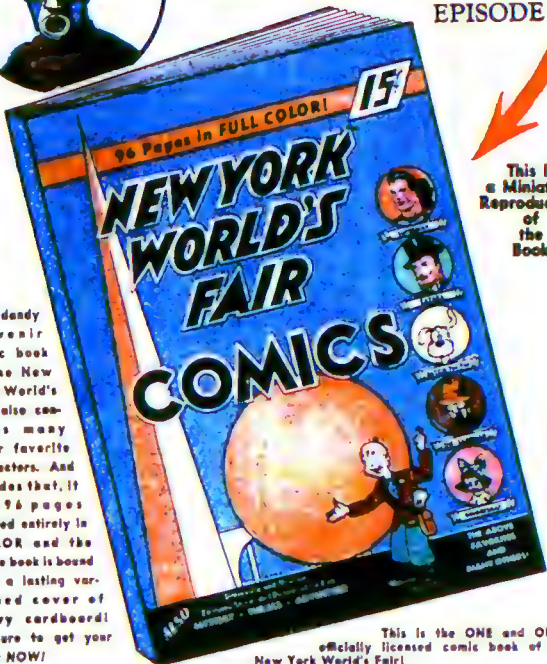
THE SANDMAN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

READ THIS THRILLING
EPISODE IN



This dandy souvenir comic book of the New York World's Fair also contains many other favorite characters. And besides that, it has 96 pages printed entirely in COLOR and the whole book is bound with a lasting varnished cover of heavy cardboard! Be sure to get your copy NOW!

This is
a Miniature
Reproduction
of
the
Book



This is the ONE and ONLY
officially licensed comic book of the
New York World's Fair!

Due to the unprecedented demand for this souvenir book and to our desire to show our appreciation to our readers for their loyalty, the price of this book on the newsstands will be 15c instead of 25c as formerly advertised in all our magazines. Those who have paid 25c will have, by this time, received their complimentary copy of the SUPERMAN book selling at 10c to make up the difference in price.

Buy a copy of the N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR COMICS at all newsstands for.....

15c!

Barry O'Neill

FANG GOV SUPER-FIEND, AFTER HIS REIGN OF TERROR, WAS CAPTURED AND THROWN INTO JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR HIS DASTARDLY CRIMES.

HELP! UGH!
OOO...!

AHA! YOU FIND
FANG GOV'S HANDS
STRONG NOW, THE KEY

A GUARD DISCOVERS THE PROSTRATE JAILER.

MON DIEU! EET
EES PHILLIPS,
FANG GOV
EEZ GONE!

ONCE MORE
PARIS IS
TERROR
STRICKEN BY
FANG GOV'S
ESCAPE.

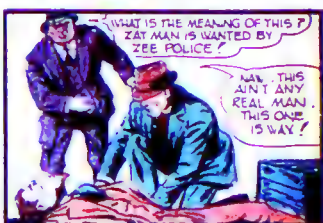
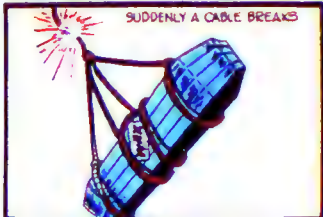
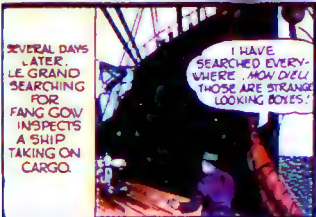
PAPERS! READ
ABOUT THE ARCH-
FIEND, FANG GOV!

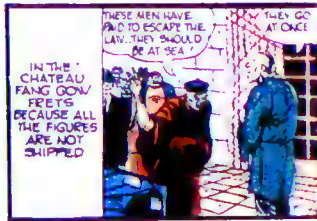
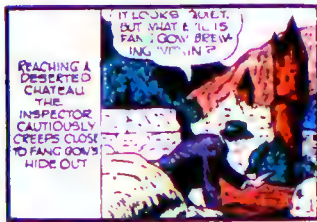
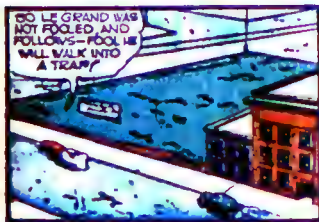
SEVERAL
DAYS LATER
IN HIS
HIDE-OUT,
FANG GOV
WORKS
FEVERISHLY
CONCOCTING
A DEADLY
CHEMICAL.

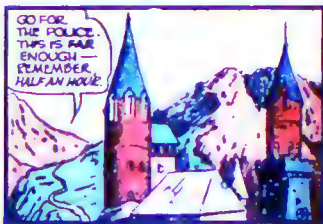
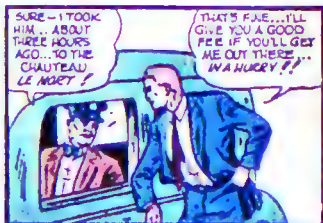
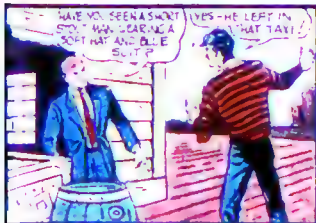
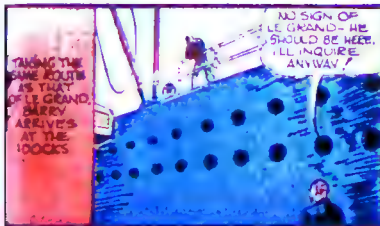
NOW, TO ADD
A FEW
DROPS
OF THIS
LIQUID!

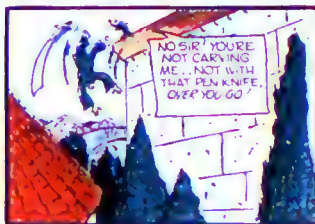
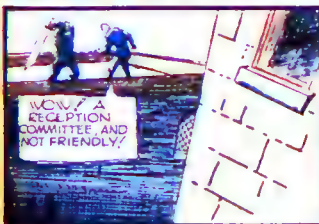
AHA! IT WORKS... IT
WORKS - SEE HOW THE
COLOR SLOWLY
CHANGES.

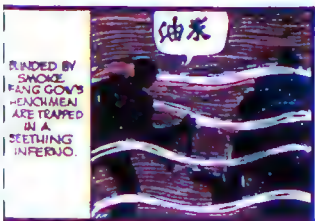
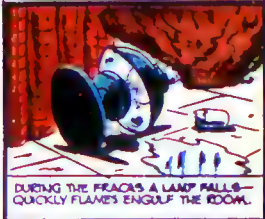
I HAVE MY
ANTIDOTE AND
IT IS THE ONLY
ONE... NOW FANG
GOV CAN CHANGE
HUMANS TO WAX!











Butch

The Pup



WHUT I CAN I DO
TO REGAIN MY
HEALTH DOC?

I SUGGEST THAT YOU
TAKE A NICE LONG
VACATION TO GET
YOUR MIND OFF
WORK!

DOCTOR

2 DAYS LATER

WHEEE!!
THE DOCTOR IS
RIGHT! I FEEL
BETTER
ALREADY!

LOOK BUTCH—
THERE'S A STREAM
OVER THERE—LET'S
TAKE A DRINK!

Bzzz!

?

?

SLURP!

GR-R!

BZZ-ZZZ-ZZZ

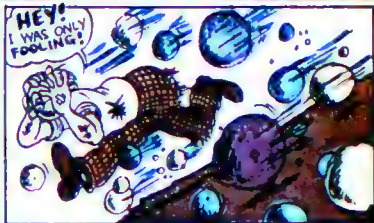
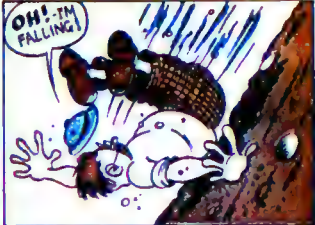
YI!

DOGGONE
YOU!! NOW
OUR SUPPLIES
ARE RUINED!

BZZ-ZZZ!

?

BZZZ!!



FEDERAL MEN

**JERRY SIEGEL
and
MART BAILEY**

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW
THAT YOU CUSTOM
INSPECTORS ARE A
DRAUGHT INSURANCE?

BUT A NECESSARY INSURANCE!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW
MANY "RESPECTABLE" PEOPLE
TRY TO GET OUT OF PAYING
THE CUSTOM DUTIES.



LATER.....

HOW SIMPLE IT IS FOR A MAN
OF MY SUPERIOR MENTALITY
TO OUTWIT THOSE STUPID
CUSTOMS MEN!



HERE ARE THE PEARLS! MRS. CLAYTON
NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME MY FEE
FOR SMUGGLING THEM PAST THE
CUSTOM AUTHORITIES ...

HERE IS YOUR MONEY!
YOU'RE A VERY CLEVER
MAN, MR. FLETCHER —
A VERY CLEVER MAN
INDEED!



SO THE MISSUS IS GOING IN
FOR SMUGGLING, EH? I'LL JUST
KEEP THAT IN MIND ... IT MAY
COME IN HANDY, LATER!



YOU'RE DISCHARGED! GET OUT
OF HERE, YOU THIEF!
FIRST, GIVE ME BACK
MY PEARLS!

YOU'LL REGRET
THIS!



A WEEK LATER ...

U.S. CUSTOMS OFFICE

SO YOU WISH TO REPORT
THAT YOUR FORMER
EMPLOYER HAD A STRING
OF PEARLS SMUGGLED
INTO THIS COUNTRY, EH?

YES, AND DON'T FORGET
I WANT MY SHARE OF
HER FINE AS INFORMER!

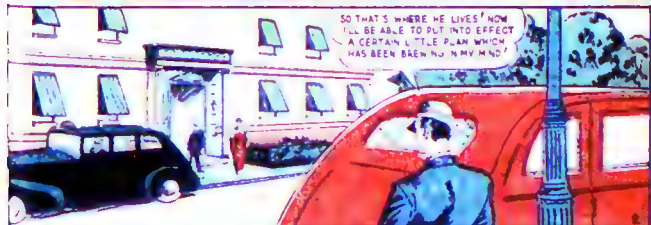
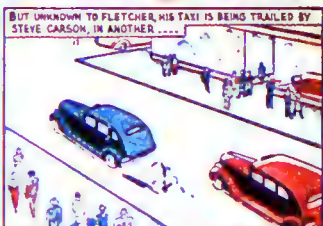
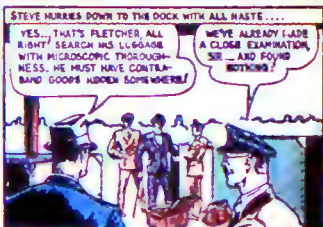


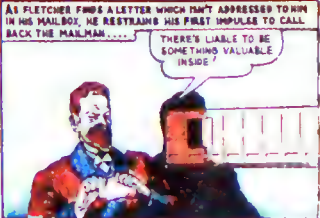
WASHINGTON, D.C. ... FEDERAL MEN HEADQUARTERS ...

STEVE, I BELIEVE WE'VE AT
LAST GOT A "BREAK" IN THOSE
SMUGGLING CASES THAT HAVE
REMAINED UNSOLVED. A WOMAN
NAMED CLAYTON HAS BEEN
NAMED AS AN ACCOMPLICE!

LET ME HAVE HER
ADDRESS, CHIEF, AND
I'LL LOSE NO TIME
CONTACTING HER!







YOU BROUGHT THEM IN FROM ABROAD, EN? THEN YOU MUST HAVE HAD TO PAY A HIGH DUTY.

YEE, ISN'T IT A SHAME? AFTER HAVING SPENT SO MUCH FOR THE JEWELS THEMSELVES, TO BE FORCED TO PAY AN OUTRAGEOUS FEE TO THE GOVERNMENT?

I WAS THINKING OF PURCHASING STILL MORE JEWELRY FROM ABROAD, BUT THE CUSTOM PEOPLE SO INFURIATED ME, THAT I'VE ABANDONED THE IDEA.

IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME INTO THE NEXT ROOM, I CAN OFFER YOU A PROPOSITION IN WHICH I'M SURE YOU'LL BE INTERESTED!

WHEN THEY REACH THE NEXT ROOM...

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, I CAN SPEAK MORE CONFIDENTIALLY - I CAN BRING JEWELRY TO YOU FROM ABROAD AT A MUCH MORE REASONABLE COST THAN YOU'D HAVE TO PAY THE CUSTOMS.

BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU CAN DO AS YOU SAY?

EVER HEAR OF MRS CLAYTON... ARTHUR STAMFORD... BRUCE DAMELS? - I'VE CARRIED OVER JEWELRY FOR THEM AND MANY MORE PEOPLE - AND HAVEN'T BEEN DETECTED ONCE!

BUT HOW COULD YOU GET THE JEWELRY, UNSEEN, PAST THE CLEVER CUSTOM OFFICIALS?

CLEVER? NO, NO THEY'RE A BUNCH OF NINCOMPOOPS! I SIMPLY CARRIED THE JEWELRY IN THE HOLLOW OF MY WALKING-STICK! SMART, EN?

NOT REALLY SO SMART, FLETCHER... YOU STAND CONVICTED BY YOUR OWN WORDS!

YOU INFORMING LITTLE ..!

MUSN'T HIT A LADY!

CONGRATULATIONS, STEVE! THE SOLVING OF THIS CASE WILL BE OF IMMENSE HELP TO THE CUSTOM PEOPLE IN THEIR EFFORT TO PREVENT CHEISLING!

ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO CHEAT THE GOVERNMENT THAT PROTECTS THEIR LIFE, LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS, SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES!

THE END

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted by STEVE CARSON

HELLO again, Members!

This month I'm going to delve into a little-known branch of detective lore. Do you know what is meant by "roping"? No, I don't mean the Wild West definition of the term. I mean the art of "roping", or culturing a person!

Culturing is the ability to become friends with the person about whom you desire to obtain information. The big secret of this branch of the study is to become someone else!

Yes, that's it exactly. If you are pretending to be a bricklayer in order to obtain information about a "fellow bricklayer", you must live, see, and feel as a bricklayer. You must—for the time being, become a bricklayer!

The reasons behind this are ob-

vious. If you are pretending to be a bricklayer and know nothing about bricklaying or bricklayers, you will soon find yourself exposed. Study the business and habits of the man you are following. Try to think as he thinks and act as he acts.

You must find out all you can about the man you are about to "rope". Make careful observations. Where does he dine? Does he like good food especially? Is he well thought-of in his business? Does he like golf or tennis, or other sports?

Make a complete index of these and other things which come into a person's life. A little thought at the outset will net big returns a little later in the game. By making a thorough inventory of your

man's likes and dislikes, you will find it much easier to get into his confidence, or "rope" him.

There comes a time when you will have to meet your man. Try and get this introduction in a social way, at the club or at a party. If this cannot be done, get to know a business acquaintance of his and arrange a meeting at lunch.

Once you have met the man you are to culture, and you have already made your inventory about him, you will find that your man is beginning to like you already. Remember, he doesn't know you have made a study of his likes and dislikes. All he knows is that he has just met a fellow who admires everything that he does, seems to like the things he does and knows the persons he knows.

Fundamentally, you are flattering your man. You are secretly and subtly telling him that you like and approve him. Flattery—in its correct use—is very powerful. Soon your man will be telling you—in confidence, of course!—all that you want to know about him.

At this point you would do well to have an accomplice who can overhear him as he talks, or have a dictaphone planted in the vicinity. Remember that in a Court you must have some evidence beside your own.

Yours for LAW and ORDER!

STEVE CARSON

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City and State _____

SOCKO STRONG

SOCKO STRONG AND JERRY INDOUCH WERE RESCUED BY AIRPLANE FROM THE PRE-HISTORIC ISLAND... JERRY'S SHOULDER, INJURED IN A ROCK-SLIDE, HAS HEALED AND HE HAS RESUMED HIS WORK AS A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER

by KOPPY

A PIERCING SCREAM RENDS THE AIR IN THE FASHIONABLE MURRAY HILL SECTION OF NEW YORK-THEN ALL IS SILENT...



THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THE ROWE HOUSE. WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

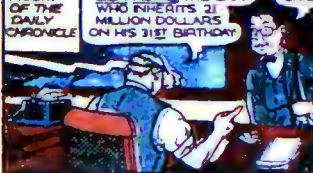
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME O'BRIEN!-IT'S PROBABLY JUST A WILD PARTY-YOU KNOW HOW SOME OF THESE RICH FOLKS ARE!



SCENE: THE NEWS ROOM OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE

WE NEED A PICTURE FOR THAT FRONT PAGE STORY ABOUT YOUNG BEN ROWE, THE CHAP WHO INHERITS 21 MILLION DOLLARS ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY

I'LL GET THE PICTURE, CHIEF



SCENE: HILLMAN'S GYM...

SAY, STRONG - I THOUGHT BEN ROWE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BOXING LESSON TO-DAY-

HE HASN'T SHOWN UP - I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG



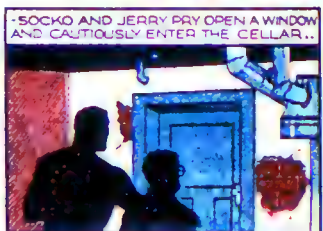
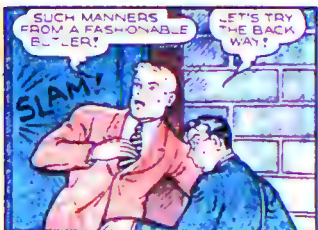
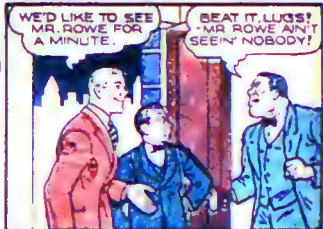
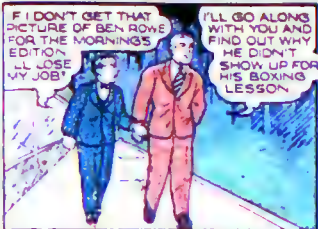
SCENE: INSIDE THE ROWE TOWN HOUSE...

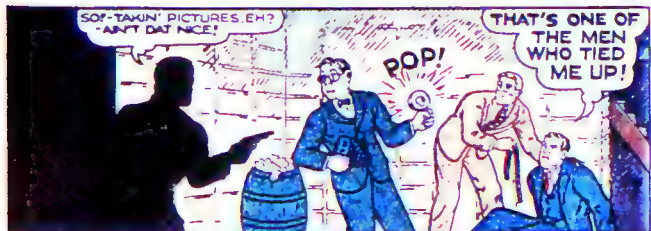
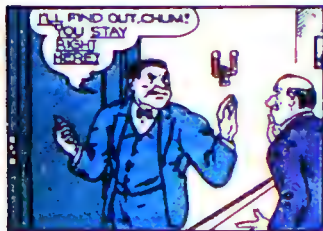
SAY, BOSS - DOC HENDEL SURE FIXED UP YOUR FACE SO YOU LOOK JUST LIKE BEN ROWE!

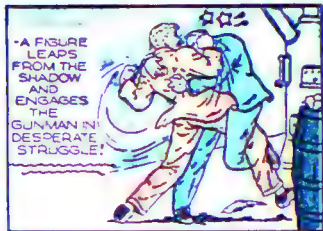
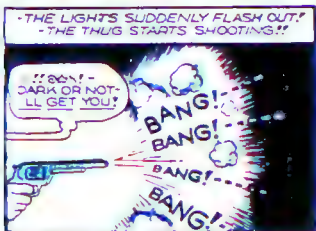
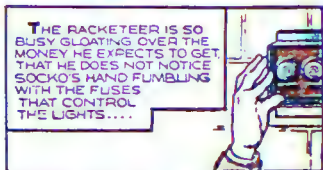
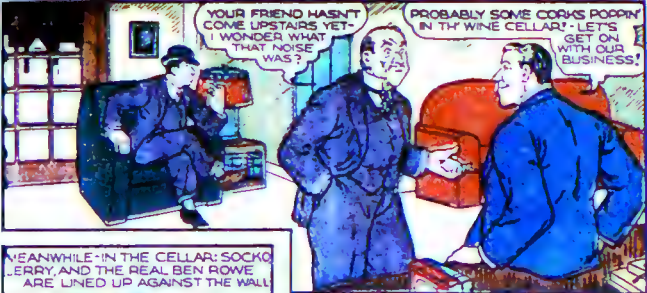
YEAH-IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE PARAFFIN AND PUTTY CAN DO!

WE'LL COLLECT THAT 21 MILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED!







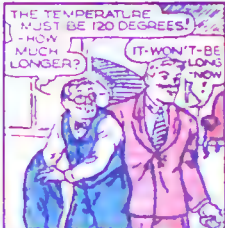




YOU MEAN I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU!
YOU'RE A FAKE -AND I'LL PROVE IT!



A CLOCK
ON THE
MANTELPiece
TICKS OFF
THE
MINUTES--
5 MINUTES--
10 MINUTES--
20 MINUTES--



AS SOCKO SPEAKS A HORRIBLE
TRANSFORMATION COMES OVER THE
FACE OF THE "INTERFERING" MR. ROWE!



GOOD HEAVENS! -HIS
NOSE-IT'S MELTING!



THAT'S WHY I WHISPERED TO YOU
"TURN UP THE HEAT REGULATOR"
-HAD A HUNCH ONE OF THESE
GUY'S HAD PUT ON A FALSE FRONT
-A FALSE NOSE MADE OF WAX!
-THE HEAT
MELTED
THE WAX!



HOT DOGS!-- SO
NOW THE REAL
MR. ROWE WILL
GET THE
21 MILLION
DOLLARS!

RIGHT!--AND THE FAKE
MR. ROWE WILL GET
ABOUT 2 YEARS
-IN JAIL!



The knife thrower sank to the floor without a sound. With incredible swiftness, Grant leaped over the still-kneeling man and brought the butt of his automatic down on the turbaned head of the Hindu. He grasped the priceless diamond as the Hindu collapsed.

There was a moment of silence as the natives gazed in stunned muteness at their stricken master. Then with guttural mutterings in their throats, they circled about Grant and began to slowly advance toward him.

Grant thought quickly. With one sweep of his arm, he sent the two lamps on each side of the dais crashing and spluttering to the floor. The natives now looked like figure shadows approaching him in the darkened room.

He stooped and lifting the unconscious Hindu above his head, heaved him into the very midst of the moving natives. There were startled cries of confusion and in the melee, Grant lowered his head and rushed directly into the pack, straight for the doorway.

Suddenly he found himself outside the room, the natives dashing after him, brandishing their knives. Grant seized the huge rug on the wall and with a strong jerk, brought

it down like an enormous blanket on the Hindu horde. Bewildered, they floundered beneath the heavy folds and Grant fired two shots at the solitary light in the ceiling. The place was plunged into utter darkness.

Grant turned and dashed down the corridor toward the room at the far end. Gaining it, he slammed the door shut and leaping across the carpeted floor, jumped onto the balcony outside.

He heard the shouts of the natives speeding down the hallway. Swiftly, he swung himself over the balustrade and dropped on the grass below.

A second later the natives rushed onto the balcony but Grant had already disappeared into the deep shadows of the trees and shrubbery. Quickly he wormed his way through the bushes until he came to where the lawn rolled down toward the high, gray wall at the bottom.

He drew a deep breath and racing madly, dashed down the slope. He reached the wall, grasped the top and pulled himself up and over. Five minutes later he put in a call to Scotland Yard and he requested that they send the Emergency Squad.



"That was a fine bit of work you did!" said Chief Inspector Reynold the following morning in Grant's office. "Our men got there just in time last night. They rounded up the Hindu and his men as they went about to make a dash for it. But tell me, just what sort of persons were they?"

"They were a fanatical religious sect from India," said Grant. "It seems that the Monarch diamond was stolen from their temple centuries ago and their organization vowed they would retrieve it at any cost. They even resorted to murder to accomplish their purpose and Sir Malcolm was the unfortunate victim, being that he had innocently purchased the stone several years ago in Paris."

Reynolds held the diamond in his hand. "It's strange and mystifying when you consider what evil influences a priceless gem can exert. And it's stranger still to what lengths men will go to gain possession of such gems!"

THE END

Ted's Broke
Writes Jim
Now Money and Prizes
Are Coming to Him

BIG PRIZES

AND CASH PROFITS FOR BOYS

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FILL your pockets with cash! Buy the things you want! Travel! Make money! Earn any of 500 big prizes including sports and athletic equipment, printing press, typewriter, movie camera, or bicycle. Boy, how proud you'll be striding down the street on this flashy new deluxe bike, with all the latest equipment! Start making MONEY and earning PRIZES today. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our popular magazines to customers who can obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. You can, too. Mail the coupon



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The Grosvenor Publishing Co.,
Hempstead, Ohio

I am interested in your MONEY and prizes and I will be glad to deliver your magazines to customers who can obtain in my neighborhood.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

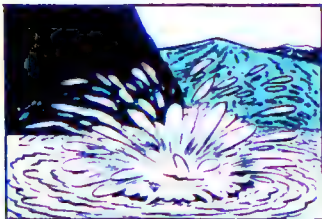
Captain DESMO

by *Win*

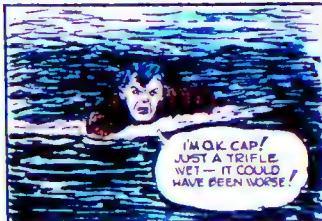
CAPTAIN DESMO AND GABBY WHILE INVESTIGATING THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES OF SEVERAL MERCHANT SHIPS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN CRASH ON "SKULL ISLAND". HERE THE CRUEL COUNT OGRE OFF TURNS THEM LOOSE ON HIS ISLAND TO BE HUNTED LIKE ANIMALS —



SLIPPING OFF A
LEDGE GABBY
HURLES
DOWNWARD



GABBY? GABBY?



I'M OK CAP!
JUST A TRIFLE
WET — IT COULD
HAVE BEEN WORSE!



THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE —
NOW WE HAVE TO FIND
A HIDE OUT



WE'LL CLIMB THAT
HIGH MOUNTAIN.
THERE WE CAN
KEEP AN EYE
ON THE COUNT

PLEASE —
WHY MUST YOU
ACT SO CRUEL?

THAT MY DEAR — IS
SENTIMENTAL
RUBBISH.



I AM KING ON THIS ISLAND...
AND KINGS MUST HAVE SPORT.
I MUST GO NOW —
THEIR TIME
IS UP.



GOOD? SEE YOU HAVE
ALREADY PICKED UP
THE R-TRAIL.



OVER BAFFLING TRAILS THE MAD
COUNT IS LEAD BY HIS ALMOST
HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS.

THERE THEY
ARE..



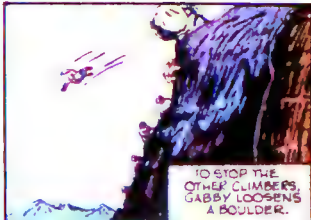
CAR, IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH WE
ARE HAV'NG VISITORS —
I'LL SEE WHO IS AT
THE DOOR.



SEE YOU GO DOWN
FASTER N. YOU
CAME UP?



TO STOP THE
OTHER CLIMBERS,
GABBY LOOSENS
A BOULDER.

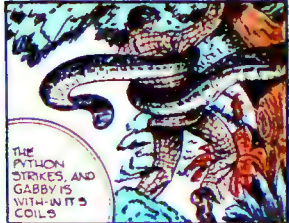


THE LOOSE BOLDER EXCEEDS GABBY'S EXPECTATIONS—IT CAUSES AN AVALANCHE.



SEVERAL
HOURS HAVE
ELAPSED

GABBY AND
DESMO MAKING
FOR THE
FOREST
DO NOT NOTICE
A PYTHON
A TREE OVER-
HANGING THE
TRAIL



THE
PYTHON
STRIKES, AND
GABBY IS
WITH-IT'S
COILS



GABBY—
HEY GABBY—
—BIRD
ARE YOU?

THE
LITTLE NUTS
HAVE ALSO
TAKEN TO
THE
TREES
AND NOW
AWAIT
DESMO



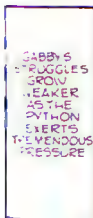
HEY GABBY
DO YOU
HEAR ME?



THE DELAY
HAS ALLOWED
THE COUNT TO GET
NIGH SHOOTING
DISTANCE



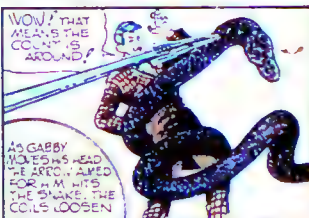
POWERFUL ARMS
BEND THE BOW
AS THE COUNT
AIMS AT THE
STRUGGLING GABBY



GABBY'S
STRUGGLES
GROW
WEAKER
AS THE
PYTHON
EXERTS
THE VINDICTIVE
PRESSURE

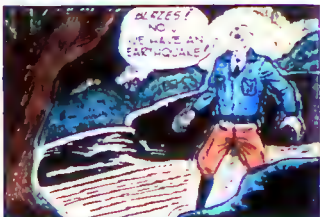
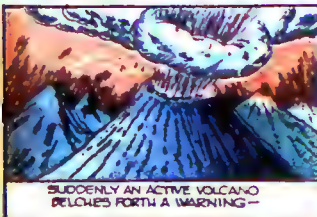


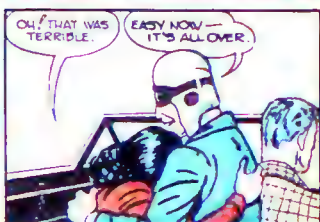
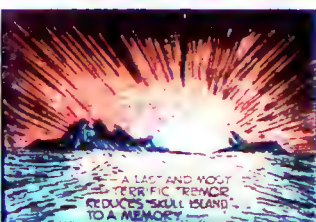
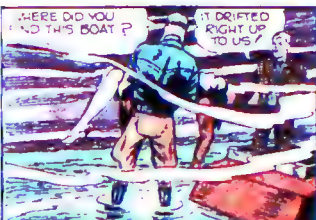
I CAN'T HOLD OUT
ANY LONGER



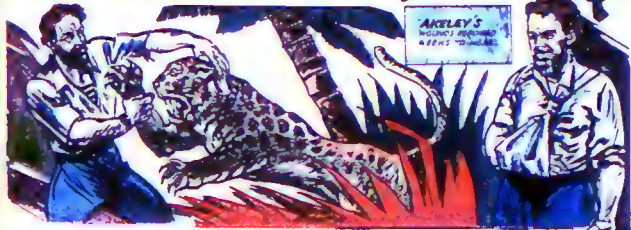
WOW! THAT
MEANS THE
COUNT IS
AROUND!

AS GABBY
MOVES HIS HEAD
THE ARROW AIMED
FOR HIM HITS
THE SNAKE. THE
COILS LOOSEN





ADVENTURE Events



FOUGHT BARE-HANDED BATTLE WITH INFURIATED LEOPARD !

WHEN A WOUNDED LEOPARD SPRANG UPON CARL AKELEY NEAR MT KENYA, AFRICA, THE NOTED EXPLORER, CLUTCHING THE BEAST'S THROAT, SUDDENLY FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND PINNING THE ANIMAL BENEATH HIM! AKELEY, PRESSING HIS KNEES UPON THE BEAST'S RIBS, FINALLY CHOKED IT!



RACED TO NEW YORK FROM AFRICA A SMALL BOAT FOR A DINNER !

IN A THIRTY-FIVE FOOT BOAT, RUDOLPH BRACKEL AND PETER BARBER RACED TOM OLSEV, WHO WAS USING A SMALLER BOAT, OVER 5000 MILES FROM CAPETOWN TO NEW YORK CITY IN 1902 AND WON A BET -

THE WAGER WAS A DINNER.



FIGHTING HERO SERVED UNDER MANY FLAGS !

THE NOTED SCOTCH HERO, THOMAS COCHRAN CALLED THE UNCONQUERABLE, WAS THE ADMIRAL OF FIVE NAVIES, GREEN, BRITISH, BRAZILIAN, CHILE AND PERU. UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP AND FIGHTING THE COUNTRIES OF CHILE AND PERU BECAME FREE NATIONS.



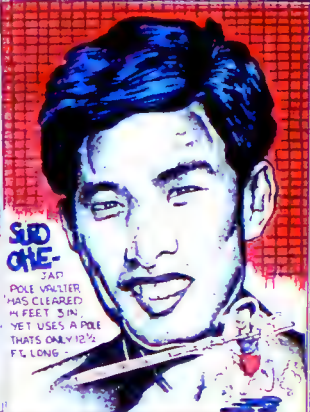
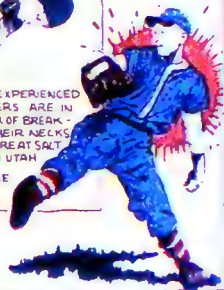
RECORD CATCH! The BIGGEST BLACK SEA BASS

EVER CAUGHT, WEIGHING OVER 490 POUNDS, WAS LANDED, MAY 12TH, 1916 BY NELSON HOWARD AT CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.



—BECAUSE
OF THE DENSITY
OF THE WATER.

Young
—HOLDS THE
RECORD FOR
GAMES WON
511!



SID
CHE-
JAP
POLE Vaulter
HAS CLEARED
14 FEET 5 IN.
YET USES A POLE
THAT'S ONLY 12 1/2
FT. LONG -

SHELDON
W. DUFF



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AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
you get the best of everything
at the lowest prices. Now
we have a special offer for
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gifts and we will send you
a free gift. This offer is good
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to make sure you get your
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SKIP



Tom Hickey

SCHUYLER

TWO U.S. ARMY PILOTS, LIGHTHOUSE
SKIP SCHUYLER AND BOB DAVIS SET
OUT FROM PORT MORTIMER TO TRY IN
SEARCH OF THEIR MISSING COMMANDER
CAPTAIN PETER WADE, WHOSE PLANE
CRASHED SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC
WASTE TWO DAYS AGO WHILE ON AN
EXPERIMENTAL FLIGHT FOR THE ARMY.



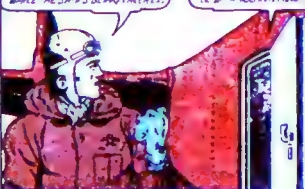
THERE'S PERRY JUST AHEAD.
IT'S THE LAST OUT POST IN THE
NORTH WITH AN AIRPORT.
WE'D BETTER STOP AND
CHECK THINGS.

RIGHTO SKIP, AND WE'LL
HAVE THE SHIP LANDING
CONNECTED.



LET'S GRAB SOME COFFEE
WHILE THE SHIP'S BEING CHECKED.

YOU GO AHEAD IN. I'LL
BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.



YOU'RE SKIP SCHUYLER, AREN'T YOU?
ONE OF THE PILOTS THAT'S LOOKING
FOR CAPTAIN WADE? I SAW YOUR
PICTURE IN THE NEWS PAPERS.

DID YOU?



I FELT TERRIBLY ABOUT
CAPTAIN WADE'S DISAPPEAR-
ANCE. WE WERE THE LAST
PERSONS TO SEE HIM ALIVE.
HE WAS FINALLY NICE.
HE SAT RIGHT WHERE YOU
ARE AND TALKED WITH
ME FOR ABOUT TWENTY
MINUTES.



YOU KNOW, LIEUTENANT SCHUYLER, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THAT CRASH. THE MEN HERE AT THE AIRPORT HEARD CAPTAIN WADE'S PLANE CRASH FULLY AND THE YEAR-D IT WAS IN PERFECT SHAPE WHEN HE TOLLED OUT OF HERE.



WHAT'S YOUR THEORY?



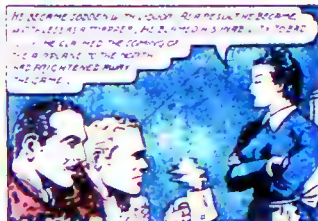
YOU'RE RIGHT AT THE END. THIS COULD BE THE LAST OF A DIFFERENT CLAY ON PETE WADE'S CRASH.

THAT RIGHT?

THIS MAY SOUND JILLY TO YOU, BUT I THINK CAPTAIN WADE MET WITH FOUL PLAY!

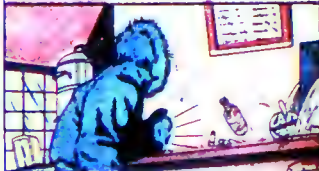


THERE'S AN ESHIMO IN THESE PARTS CALLED JOON. HE USED TO BE QUITE A SUCCESSFUL THAPPER BUT AFTER A WHILE, ON HIS TRIPS INTO TOWN, HE'D INDULGE IN TOO MUCH WHITE MAN'S FIRE WATER.



HE BECAME JODDER WITH JOON. REAR RESULT HE BECAME MUCH LESS A THAPPER, AND SOON HE WAS DEAD. HE CLIMBED THE COCKING OF THE PLANE TO THE NORTH AND RICHENED AWAY THE CRIME.

ONE DAY HE DROPPED IN HERE. HE WAS DRUNK AND DRUNK. HE SAID THAT IRVING ALTON LET HIM TO SEE THE NORTH OF PETE AGAIN HE DECIDED TO GO TO THE BRAVE.



AND THE DAY CAPTAIN WADE SAT HERE TO A CRIME, JOON DIED IN HE WAS IN A DRUNKEN PACE. HE WALKED AT THE CRIMINAL IN A HURRY AND WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD TURNED AND WALKED OUT AGAIN AND HE HADN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.



JOON'S THREAT KEEPS STICKING IN MY MIND. YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK THAT CAPTAIN ESHIMO STOLE AWAY IN THAT PLANE.



WANTED US TO GO OUT OVER THE ATOMIC WASTES. THEY KILLED WADE AND CRASHED HIS OWN DEATH! DO YOU THINK I'M LIES?



IT'S GETTING AWFUL DARK UP BEYOND THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE. I'M AFRAID WE'RE HEADING INTO A STORM.

WANT ME TO TAKE OVER FOR A WHILE?



I'LL HAND-ON FOR A WHILE LONGER.



NOW! WHAT A STORM! YOU CAN'T SEE SIX FEET IN FRONT OF YOU!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN A PICNIC. THE WAY THE ICE IS FORMING ON THE WINGS WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY UP MUCH LONGER.



AND SUDDENLY THE STORM WAS UPON THEM, STARTING BLINDING SNOW, CUTTING ICE-FLEET AND A WHIRLING, HOWLING WIND!

AND IT'S PRACTICALLY AN IMPOSSIBILITY TO LAND. THE VISIBILITY IS TOO POOR AND THE COUNTRY IS TOO ROUGH.



THE WINGS ARE GETTING HEAVY AS BOB. I WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP UP MUCH LONGER!

GET 'ER DOWN BOB, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES. MAYBE THE VISIBILITY WILL BE BETTER NEAR THE GROUND.



SO, SUFFERED ABOUT LIKE A CORN IN THE OCEAN, THE PLANE CRASHING THE TWO BRAVE PILOTS, DROVE ON.



GUTTY DROPPED THE
LANDING GEAR!

SHOOT STRAIGHT AHEAD SHIP.
THERE'S A LONG LEVEL SPACE, PROBABLY
A FROZEN LAKE.



WELL WE'RE HERE AND DON'T SEE ANY BRASS BANDS OR THE
PARTY GOING WITH THE KEY TO THE CITY.



THE JACK HORSE LET UP QUITE A BIT.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND.



BOY! WHEN YOU LOOK AT
SOMETHING LIKE THIS YOU
REALLY WANT AN
EYES GLASS! I CAN'T THINK
OF ANY!



DON'T YOU SMELL SOMETHING
LIKE CARBON DIOXIDE?

SMELL CARBON DIOXIDE?
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
IT BEFORE. I'VE NEVER
HEARD OF IT BEFORE.

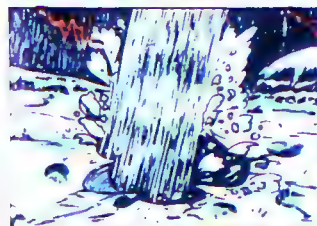
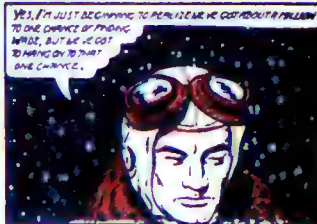


THEY CLIMBED THE ICEY RIDGE AND THERE STRETCHED OUT
BEFORE THEM WAS THE OCEAN.

GOSH! WE DIDN'T MISS IT
DO WE?

NO SIR! WE HAD
WAS SHOOTING AND
WED HAVE BEEN IN.





RUSTY

AND HIS PALS

BY

BOB KANE

IN THE LAST INSTALLMENT
RUSTY AND STEVE HAD
ESCAPED AND WERE
WANDERING AROUND THE
LARGE RAMBLING HOUSE
OF CHEN FU... SUDDENLY
THEY HEAR...

WHAT
IS IT
STEVE?

THAT SUTHERING SOUND, RUSTY,
IS MANY SLUPERED FEET.
OUR SLANT-EYED FRIENDS ARE
HOT ON OUR TRAIL... RUN,
BOY, RUN!

DOWN
MANY
DARK
WIND-
ING
PASS-
AGE-
WAYS
THEY
RUN
!!

C'MON RUSTY
THIS WAY.

THERE'S A
DOOR, C'MON.

THE DOOR OPENS AND REVEALS A DANK, DINGY
ROOM FILLED WITH A SWEETENED FOG-LIKE HAZE

WHY WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE, STEVE?

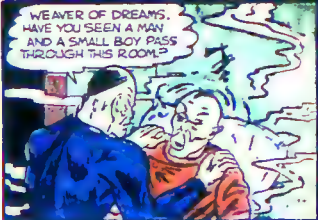
A VERY FOUL, LOATHSOME
PLACE THIS IS WHERE
POOR WRETCHES THAT
ONCE WERE MEN SMOKE
THEIR OPIUM-FILLED
PIPES

THE TWO MAY HAVE
GONE INTO THE OPIUM
ROOM... WE GO
THERE..

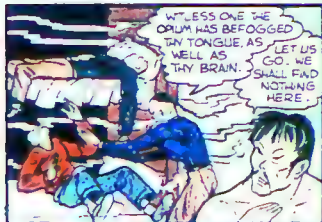


THEY ARE NOT HERE!

I WILL ASK IF THEY HAVE PASSED THROUGH THIS ROOM.



WEAVER OF DREAMS, HAVE YOU SEEN A MAN AND A SMALL BOY PASS THROUGH THIS ROOM?



WELL, ONE THE OPIUM HAS BEFOGGED THY TONGUE, AS WELL AS THY BRAIN.

LET US GO. WE SHALL FIND NOTHING HERE.



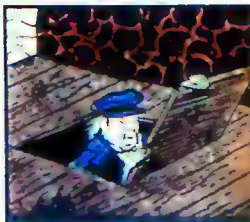
OKAY, THEY'VE GONE. LET'S GET GOING!



QUICK STEVE DUCK DOWN - LOOK... THE FLOOR



A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR RISES SLOWLY AND A HEAD APPEARS //



HE STANDS AND CALLS OUT.

WATCH WELL FOR THE POLICE. I GO TO SPEAK WITH CHEN FU



AFTER THE MAN GOES RUSTY AND STEVE CREEP FORWARD...



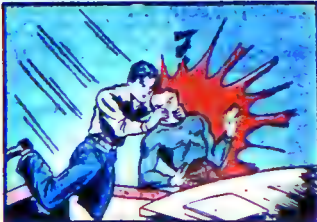
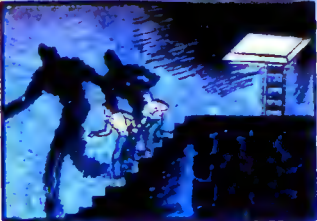
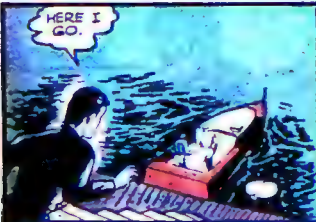
I SEE A COUPLE OF BOATS DOWN THERE

THESE MEN WORK FOR CHEN FU. THEY PROBABLY SMUGGLE THE OPIUM DOWN THE RIVER AND UP HERE THROUGH THIS TRAP DOOR

RUSTY, A BOAT DOWN THERE
IS OUR ONLY CHANCE. AND
WE'VE GOT TO
TAKE IT!



HERE I
GO.



NO YOU
DONT!

NICE
WORK
KIDDO!



THIS IS TO MAKE SURE
YOU REALLY GO OUT.

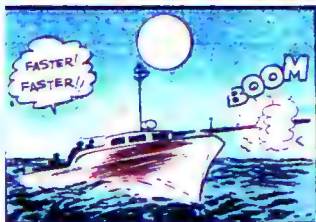


LET HER GO STEVE.
THE REST OF THE CREW
ARE COMING.





THE
OTHER
BOAT
STARTS
IN
PUR-
SUIT
!!



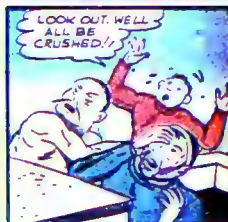
STEVE'S
BOAT
AP-
PROACH-
ES A
HUGE
LINER
WHICH
IS
JUST
DOCK-
ING.



THE
BOAT
JUST
GETS
THROUGH
THE DIM
NISHING
SPACE
BETWEEN
THE
GIANT
LINER
AND THE
DOCK
!!



THE MEN
ON THE
OTHER
BOAT
FOLLOWING
CLOSE ON
ITS WAKE
SUDDENLY
REALIZE
THEIR DAN-
GER AS THE
LINER AND
THE PIER
LOOM OVER
THEM.



THERE IS A
SICKENING
CRUNCH OF
FLESH AND
WOOD AS
THE LINER
SUDDENLY
SCRADES
THE
DOCK...



WHIEW. WHAT
WE JUST
MISSED.



TO BE CONTINUED

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

by BART TUNNEY

ALCATRAZ AL, AND HIS GAMBLING SHIP, THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, LOCATED OUTSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT, OPERATE WITHOUT FEAR OF STATE OR FEDERAL LAW....

A BLOODY GAMBLERS' WAR, HOWEVER, BRINGS TOGETHER REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NAVY AND COAST GUARD. A PLAN IS DEVISED TO BRING ALCATRAZ AL AND HIS MURDEROUS GANG WITHIN THE REACH OF JUSTICE.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DON KERRY, U.S. NAVY, PICKS UP DAVID RED MURPHY WHO'S HANGING WITH PICKED MEN FROM THE COAST GUARD.

"GIVE 'EM THEN YOUR US REGIONS DON'T WE'RE ALL IN PLAY CLOTHES."

PIER 12.

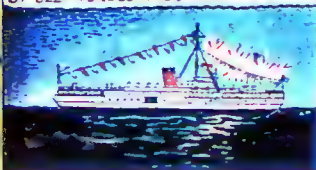
"GOOD! REMEMBER WE MUST ALL PLAY THE PART OF PROFESSIONAL GUNMEN...."



A HIGH POWERED MOTOR BOAT LEAVES SHORE AND PASSES NEAR THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.



ALSO OUTSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT LIES THE LADY LUCK, A GAMBLING BOAT OPERATED BY BEEF MURDOCK, AL'S MORTAL ENEMY....



"LOOK BEEF! HERE COMES A LOAD OF TORPEDOS FROM AL'S BOAT!"

"YEAH? I AIN'T SEEN NONE OF THESE MUGS BEFORE AV' THAT AIN'T ONE OF AL'S BOATS!"



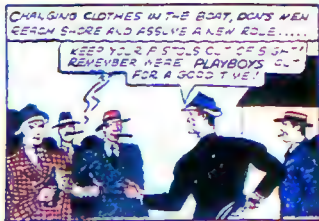
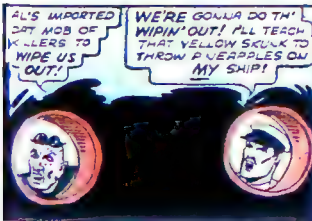
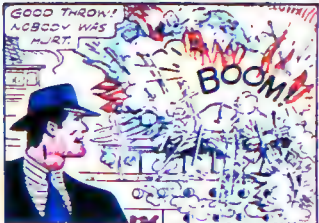
"YOU'RE GONNA LET 'EM COME ABOARD?"

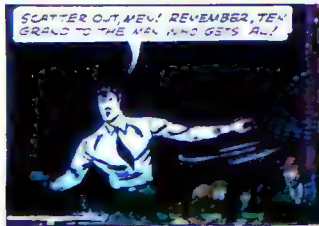
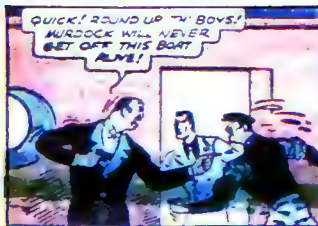
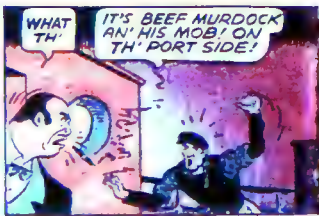
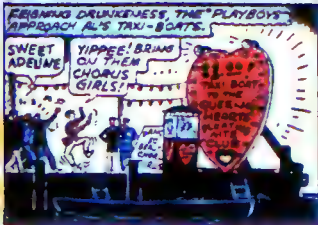
"SURE! THEY MAY BE SUCKERS, IN THE OWN BOAT. COME OVER HERE TO CHANGE THEM -- CK."

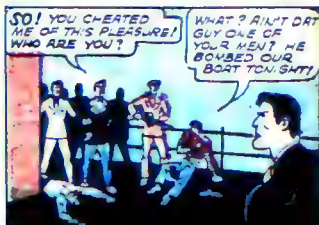


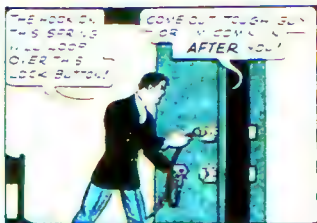
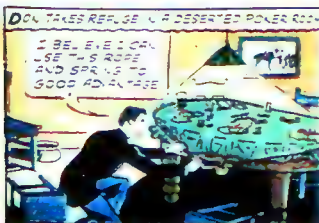
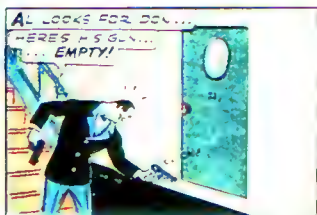
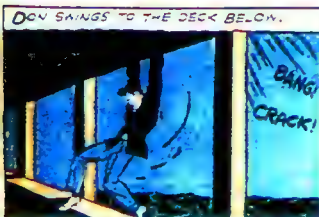
"WE'LL GIVE 'EM ACTION FOR THE DOUGH AND IF THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING ELSE WE'LL GIVE 'EM THAT TOO! LET DOWN THE SIDE LADDER, SQUID!"











COME AHEAD!



AL STARTS THROUGH THE DOOR.



GOOD WORK, LIEUTENANT. COMMANDER! RED AND THE BOYS HAVE AL'S GANG UNDER ARREST.

UNDER ARREST? WHAT'S THE S A GAG?



YOU AIN'T GOT NO EVIDENCE THAT'LL STAND UP IN A MARITIME COURT! I'M OUTSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT! I'M IN NEUTRAL WATER!



YOU ARE INSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT, AL! I SEE THOSE LIGHT BOYS?

W-WAY A-A-ANCHOR IS SET OUT, I-IT'S-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



ANCHORS SLIP SOMETIMES, AL. YOU'RE ONLY TWO MILES FROM SHORE WITH A WHOLE BORTLOAD OF EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU!



THE COAST GUARD LAUNCH IS WAITING FOR THE PRISONERS, SIR!

A SUBMARINE HAS BROKEN WATER NEARBY.

AHOY, DON KERRY!

COME ABOARD, CAPTAIN! I SEE YOU RECEIVED MY INVITATION TO OUR PARTY!



I'M A LITTLE LATE, EAR. MY SUBMARINE GOT TANGLED UP WITH A BERR- CERTAIN ANCHOR CHAIN!

YOU CAN'T TRUST ME, CAPTAIN! I WON'T TELL A SOUL!



NEXT MONTH - SATAN'S SISTER

COTTON CARVER

AND THE MAGNETIC PERIL

COTTON CARVER AIDS IN OVERCOMING A REBELLION HEADED BY THE TRAITOROUS JAGAR. HE BOMBS THE CITY OF KING MARL IN A SMALL BOMBER, AND RETURNS TO THE KING AND TO DEELA, WHO IS QUEEN OF THE AIR PIRATES OF BARLINDA. WHEN COTTON LANDS THEY GO UPON THE BIG BATTLESHIP—

WHEN COTTON RETURNS THE PILOT OF THE BIG BATTLE-PLANE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS GEAR—

THE SHIP IS GATHERING SPEED ALTHOUGH I HAVE HER IN NEUTRAL! I MUST WARN DEELA!



QUEEN—THE SHIP GATHERS SPEED EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE HER IN NEUTRAL! WE CANNOT STOP HER!

WHAT? HOW CAN THAT BE?

THE GENERATOR POLES! SOMEONE HAS TAMPERED WITH THEM! ALL FLYING CRAFT WILL BE DRAWN TO THULA—AND BE CRASHED AGAINST THE MINITY MAGNETS!

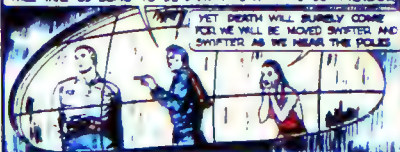


WE'LL ALL BE KILLED! ALL OUR AIRPLANES FLY BY THE FORCE OF THE MAGNETIC CURRENT THAT ISSUES OVER MARLANDA!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO!

YEARS AGO, I MADE A PACT OF TRUCE WITH WALD, KING OF THULA. WHEREBY HE WOULD ALLOW THE FORCE OF THE ELECTRIC MOUNTAINS HE RULES TO BE UTILIZED BY MY SHIPS. THULA LIES MANY MILES TO THE NORTH. IT IS IN A COLD LAND. IT WILL TAKE US LONG TO BE DRAWN TO IT IF WE GO IN REVERSE.



YET DEATH WILL SURELY COME FOR WE WILL BE MOVED SWIFTER AND SWIFTER AS WE NEAR THE POLES!

IF I TAKE A SWIFT FLYER AND SPEED TOWARD THULA AS FAST AS THE SHIP WILL FLY—



YOU MIGHT RELEASE THE MAGNETIC FORCE BEFORE OUR ENTIRE FLEET CRASHES TO ITS DOOM!

BUT EVEN AS COTTON PLOTS A RESCUE, TRAITORS TO KING MARL ARE ON THEIR OWN SHIP—

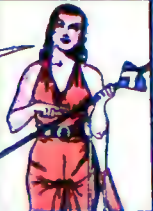


THIS TO ENEMIES OF JAGAR. QUICK FULL-SPEED AHEAD

AND THEN FOR THE KING!

COTTON, THIS SWORD IS THE SWORD OF MY DEAD FATHER. IT IS SAID TO BE MAGIC, BUT I KNOW ITS SECRET. WATCH!

ENCASED IN THIS TINY RIDGE IS A SMALL DROP OF MERCURY. WHEN THE BLADE IS HELD UP TO STRIKE, THE MERCURY RUSHES TO THE HILT, MAKING THE BLADE LIGHTER. AND AS YOU STROKE DOWNWARD THE MERCURY SLIPS TO THE POINT MAKING THE STROKE HARDER AND NEARLY IRRESISTABLE!



AYE! THE BLADE IS LIKE A FEATHER, SO LIGHT IS IT TO HANDLE! MY THANKS, DEBELA! I SHALL ALWAYS TREASURE IT - AND I'LL TRY TO SAVE YOUR FLIGHT WITH IT



BUT AS COTTON STEPS ONTO HIS PLANE —

COTTON LOOK—

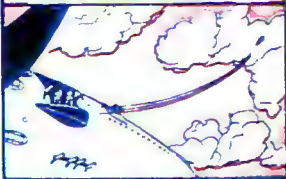
OH!



SEND HIM WILL— THEN RELEASE THE PLANE AND LET HIM SOAR TOWARD THULA—TO HIS DEATH!



ROLLO SETS THE CONTROLS AND A MOMENT LATER—



COTTON IS SPEEDING TOWARD HIS DOOM IN THULA!



FIDELUS I LIKE THIS LITTLE QUEEN! LET'S MEAVE THE OLD MAN OVERBOARD AND KEEEP THE LITTLE ONE!



NO, ROLLO—WE MUST TAKE THEM TO JAGAR FIRST. BUT PERHAPS HE WILL GIVE THEM TO YOU UNTIL THEY MUST BE SAFE.

THUS MARL AND DEELA ARE THRUST INTO
THE PLANE'S PRISON

DEELA, MY ADOPTED DAUGHTER - I THINK YOU
ARE UNLUCKY TO HAVE ATTEMPTED TO AID
OLD KING MARL



NONSENSE, DEAR FATHER. COTTON CARVER IS
ALIVE - HE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO HELP US!

SOMETHING STRUCK ME! TIED AND HELPLESS-
AND SPEEDING TOWARD THULA. I MUST
GET FREE!

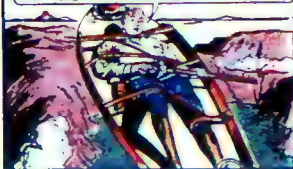


COTTON LIFTS HIS LEGS, LOOSENING THE
THONGS AT HIS ANKLES!



AND BY SQUIRMING, FREES A HAND—

THOSE FOOLS FORGOT THAT LEATHER OF
THIS TYPE WILL LOOSEN IN THE COOL AIR!



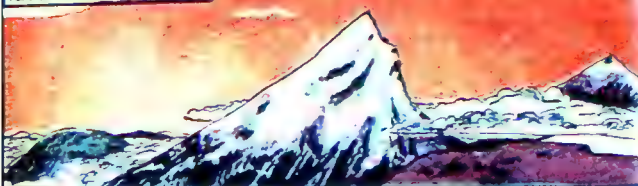
I MUST
REACH THULA
BEFORE THE
BATTLE
FLEET! I
MUST GET
ALL THE
SPEED I
CAN FROM
THIS PLANE.
BRR— IT'S
MIGHTY
COLD IN
THIS
ALTITUDE!



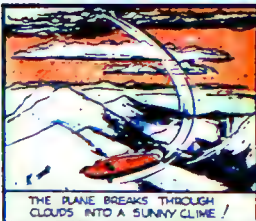
ICE FORMS ON COTTON'S
FACE AND EYES!



AT TERRIFIC SPEED THE FLYER
TEARS THROUGH THE THIN AIR!



THE ICE IS TOO MUCH FOR THE PLANE.
I'M—I'M SO SLEEPY!



THE PLANE BREAKS THROUGH
CLOUDS INTO A SUNNY CLIME!

BUT THE HEAT IS TOO PEEBLY TO OVERCOME
THE WORK OF THE INTENSE COLD AND—



AH, HE SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE! ANOTHER SHIP
OF MESCAL AND HE WILL TALK!



W/ GRITITUDE, BOKAR! YOU MUST
DIRECT ME TO THULA—THE
MAGNETO-POLES ARE ON FULL BURN!



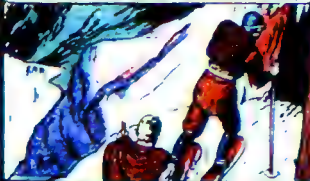
MY FATHER, KING WALD
WAS KILLED BY JAGAR
WHO RULES OVER
THULA. HE ARRIVED
AFTER MARLA WAS
BOMBED. HE HOPES
TO BREAK MARLA'S
POWER BY RUINING
HIS FLEET BUT
WHAT CAN WE DO?

WE WILL ENTER THULA BY A SECRET
PASSAGE KNOWN ONLY TO THE RULERS
OF THULA. NOT EVEN JAGAR KNOWS OF IT.



IF I COULD SLAY JAGAR — AND RELEASE
THE BULL OF THE POLES! — THEN THE
FLEET AND KING MARL WOULD BE SAFE!

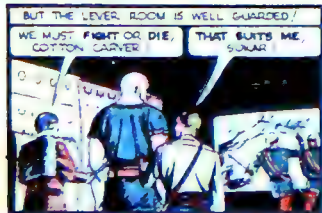
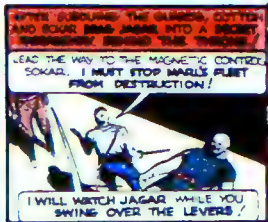
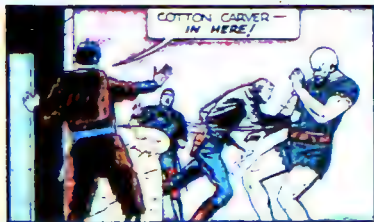
THIS WILL BRING US TO THE THRONE ROOM
HALF THE CITY AT LEAST IS LOYAL TO MARL.
IF JAGAR WERE KILLED — THEY MIGHT aid US!



THE THRONE ROOM — SEE JAGAR THERE!
HE RULES WITH A HIGH HAND!



I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM!
AUNT ME HERE!



JAGAR—YOU TRAITOR! TAKE THIS! SEE YOUR LOVING KING—WHO WOULD KILL YOU!



SHARP DEATH OVERCOMES JAGAR!



WE WERE FOOLS TO LISTEN TO JAGAR. OUR SWORDS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE, KING SOKAR. WE WILL SUPPORT YOUR RETURN TO THE THRONE!

SO BE IT!



SOKAR—LOOK! THE FLEET COMES! THROW OVER THE LEVERS!

SOKAR WORKS MADLY IN A RACE AGAINST TIME!



THE REBELS FROM THE SHIPS ARE NET BY SOKAR'S SOLDIERY!

WHERE IS KING MARL? AND QUEEN DEELA?

IN THE DUNGEONS!



OH—COTTON! DEELA—YOU'RE SAFE!



WE THUS MAKE ANOTHER TREATY, MARL. THIS TIME YOU SHALL HAVE A DUPLICATE CONTROL ROOM IN MAGLA TO PROTECT YOUR FLEETS.

LET'S ALL TAKE A TRIP TO MY SUMMER HOME IN BAGLINDA. WE'LL CELEBRATE THE TREATY!



PEACE WITH THULA, AND MY OWN KINGDOM BACK AGAIN. I OWE MUCH TO YOU COTTON CARNER!

THAT'S A FINE IDEA DEELA. WE OUGHT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

BUT WILL COTTON FIND REST AT BAGLINDA OR— WILL THE AIR PORTER— SEE NEXT MONTHS ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS

FANTASTIC FACTS



ALTHOUGH BIRDS AS A RULE FEAR SNAKES, THE CRESTED FLYCATCHER LINES HIS NEST WITH SNAKE-SKINS

STARE AT THIS PORTRAIT FOR ONE MINUTE AND THEN SHIFT YOUR GAZE TO A BLANK WALL — YOU WILL SEE THE IMAGE DRAWN IN BLACK ON WHITE



THE OLDEST LIVING THINGS

FANTASTIC AS IT MAY SEEM, THE GIANT SEQUOIA TREES WERE PLANTED THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST AND HAVE CHEATED LIGHTNING BOLTS ALL THAT TIME

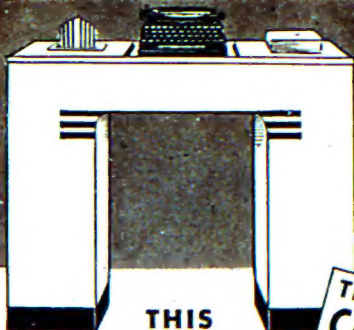


WHEN THE CHIQUITOS, A BOLIVIAN TRIBE, GROW OLD — THEIR HAIR TURNS RED AND NOT WHITE



THE MONGOLIAN ASS CAN RUN FORTY MILES AN HOUR FOR SHORT DISTANCES

Geo. Darr



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